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a long time baffled all my preconceived ideas of technique, upset all my theories. To it I have vowed my profoundest gratitude because it has made me reflect deeply.

This statue belongs to the period of the Venus de Milo. It gives the same impression of full, powerful modeling, it possesses the same freedom and largeness of detail, in spite of the fact that it is on a much smaller scale. What calm enjoyment it breathes and inspires!

The beautiful shadows which caress it all turn in the same direction * * * producing, with what wisdom, with what science, the effect of a transparent tunic which veils certain parts and accentuates others. * * *

In beautiful sculpture, as in beautiful architecture, the fundamental principle is, that the representation of life, in order to retain the infinite suppleness of nature, should never be arrested, fixed. There-

fore, the shadows, which produce this appearance of flexibility, must be considered with the greatest care. One will note that this has been done in all the ancient masterpieces. That is why they give the impression of softness allied with durability.

When shadows are out of proportion, the effects produced are but blasphemies against nature. They are no longer eloquent and only make the statue look hard and thin. Generally speaking, shadows are most forceful when used in moderation. The Venus de Milo, in particular, owes her strength to this moderation. The effect which she produces is powerful because there is no jarring note to distract the attention. Approaching her step by step one persuades oneself that she has been modeled by the continuous washing of the sea. Is not this what the ancients meant when they said that Aphrodite was created in the bosom of the waters?

MODERN DRAWINGS AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

BY ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

AN author's personal letters are usually extremely interesting to his public. They not only give glimpses of the personality behind the printed page and enable the reader to gain a kind of double knowledge of the man; the curious intimacy that is hedged about with the hundred and one reserves existing between even the frankest of mortals and his friends, added to the deeper intimacy existing between the writer and his work. The public usually turns the case about and thinks of the letters as showing the real man and the work as showing the mask, but piecing the two together a sense of life and art is gained such as neither alone could give. Frequently, also, they find in the record of personal experience the germ of the book that has interested them, and there is a certain zest in tracing the correspondences and differences.

Between the public work of an artist and the private sketches of his notebooks there is somewhat the same relation with this difference: the sketch is less discreet than the letter and tells us more of the inner truth. In making it the artist is entirely off guard. It is his diary and his experimental essay, meant for no eyes but his own. We read in it failures of courage and accessions of daring; swift-sure revelations of those maddening truths that "careless angels know"; the ascent of sudden heights of inspiration; the flogging of a dull spirit to a pedestrian pace.

Advising students to make sketches in their notebooks of men "as they happen to meet your eye without being perceived by them," Leonardo da Vinci added: "Two things demand the principal attention of a good painter. One is the exact outline and shape of the figure; the other



L'ABANDONNÉE

COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

AUGUSTE RODIN

the true expression of what passes in the mind of that figure, which he must feel, and that is very important." The instruction is not less sound after four centuries, nor is it disregarded by the serious workers of our own time, enlisted though they are by new problems and explorations.

A few years ago the Metropolitan Museum, answering to a fresh impetus in its management, set its department of drawings in order, readjusting or confirming attributions and making an orderly arrangement of schools and periods.

Since then the Museum has steadily though slowly increased its collections in this field, and while there are still serious gaps to be filled up, there are many interesting examples of the old masters and a refreshing group of modern work. To the latter, so little known to a public accustomed to the elaboration of finishing which turns a sketch into a picture, it is worth while to devote special attention, many of the artists familiar to the exhibition rooms wearing a quite different face in the privacy of their sketchbooks.

A large number of drawings by Alphonse Legros throws the numerical weight of the collection rather too heavily on the side of feminine delicacy and unemotional symmetry. It would be difficult to find drawings of greater tenderness and softness, both of conception and execution, than the little group of children's heads, expressing nothing but the indeterminate charm of babyhood and modeled with shadowy pencilings that hardly touch the surface of the paper. There is a touch of Bastien Lepage's mysticism in the pale dreamy eyes of some of the other figures, and there is a mild force in the head of a woman, large featured and strongly accented; but the studies from Michelangelo's sculptures betray the essential weakness of the artist's vision. The mighty grasp of structure and the vigor of detail in the originals are translated into lispingsyllables as though a child were reading Dante's dynamic lines with the monotonous elocution of the schools.

Although Legros is a Frenchman his worst faults were acquired in England and his virtues are more British than

Gallic. Augustus John, the leader of the school from which the New English Art Club was formed, has much more power of initiative and a freer individuality.

artist that were degraded by spiritual languor, long insignificant forms empty of esthetic intention, but this brusque, competent nude is in another class and



PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN

AUGUSTUS JOHN

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He is represented in the Museum's collection by a magnificent little nude, forcible in movement and richly synthetic in joyous spontaneous line. We have had drawings from this highly intellectual

speaks of mature powers and a vision trained to observe the essential in its momentary aspects. Less excellent is the gypsy head of a girl, dangerously close to the sentimentality of picturesqueness,

and not free from that ease of writing which in art as in letters makes hard reading.

Wilson Steer, whose quality of freshness is his best asset; Alfred Stevens; William Rothenstein with an unimpressive portrait of Rodin, are other Englishmen represented who show how slender are the threads connecting the England of the late nineteenth century with the England of Hoppner and Gainsborough, Cotman, Wilkie and Rowlandson, all of whom are present, Wilkie with a quaint series of sketches of a bride at her toilet which curiously suggests George Sauter's prize picture at the Carnegie Exhibition in 1909.

The French drawings range from Roty to Léandre, the former represented by a delicate little figure that looks as though it had slipped quietly off from one of the sculptor's charming medals, the latter by a composition of several figures, a half nude woman rushing headlong forward toward a group of men looking on with interested faces. The concise presentation of the first subject with its touch of staid officialism is in curious contrast with the rude individualism of Leandre's drawing, but one notices in the twist of the waist muscles in the rushing figure a laxness and flaccidity that contradict the superficial energy of the line. In the notebooks of Michelangelo the same little problem was solved over and over again but always with an authoritative grasp of the essential anatomy; a searching interrogation of the interior subtleties of the action.

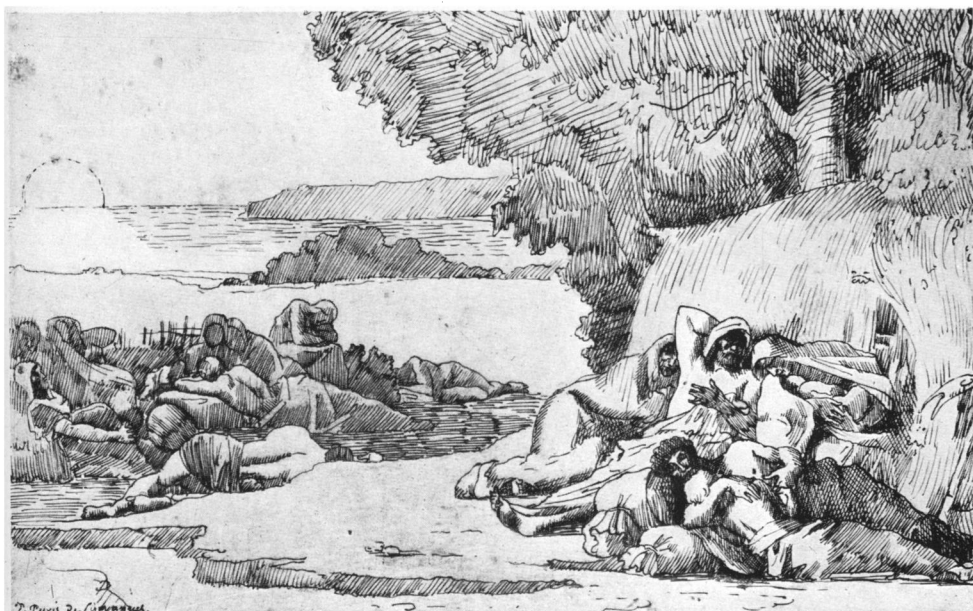
Puvis de Chavannes in his one example, an elaborated and very beautiful drawing called "Sleep," in which are a number of figures disposed in classic postures and eloquent of that repose of mind which more than any other quality separates him from his contemporaries, shows more dynamic energy in every slow suave outline than is to be found in the whole of Léandre's tortuous lightmindedness. The Museum is indeed fortunate in having so delightful an example of the great French decorator. It is in a truer vein than the Boston decorations and hardly needs color more than Greek architecture

needs it, which is not to say that color does not upon occasion enrich the beauty of the purest form, but in the case of Puvis monochrome supplemented by the glorious blue sky, the tenderest of lapis lazuli, answers all the wise and logical purposes of his art. Herr Maier-Graefe quotes a saying of his that should be kept well in mind both by his critics and the critics of others: "A picture should always be looked at from in front, and peacefully, never from behind, where the painter has hidden nothing." Certainly one could ask for nothing more explicit as an expression of mood, of personal predilection and of garnered experience, than this noble "Sleep" in which the stillness of the atmosphere and the tranquillity of the light are untouched by ignoble languor. The potential energy of the large vital forms speaks of health and equilibrium, the quiet landscape is bathed in the sweet warmth of a summer air animated by the freshness of the environing sea. We need no cryptic meanings to enhance the sense of well being communicated by these sane forms and this breadth of space. Like all of Puvis's work the little drawing contains hints of promise to the human race that ancient joys shall be renewed and ancient calm restored as in Matthew Arnold's apostrophe to the future:

"Haply the river of Time—
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own."

Rodin is another modern whose aspiration is toward serenity. "I try," he says, "constantly to make my vision of nature calmer." This is apparent in his sculptures, but the drawings in the Museum show him in pursuit of another essential: movement. To follow the swift gesture of a human body in action he throws out a line that fairly hurtles through the air in its intensity of motion and holds in its synthesis a thousand subsidiary details.

In the sketch of a woman lying prone upon a couch, with fixed eyes and large clutching hands, flying hair and tense



SLEEP

COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

PUVION DE CHAVANNES

muscles, the legend "L'Abandonnée" is not needed to express the emotional fury of the conception. The little study of Madame Hanako, on the other hand, expresses just the diminutive piquancy of the type, a veil of soft daintiness thrown across a crisply defined structure of interior forms, and a very bright light is thrown upon the artist's method in the marginal sketch reducing the characteristic forms of the model's face to their severest geometrical framework, a quaint little Gothic structure of acute angles and soaring lines. To the uninitiated the clothing of this naked scaffolding with the dreamy films of flesh that render it enchanting is nothing short of magic, but such necromancy is the reward of unremitting observation and analysis.

The modern feeling is brought down even into the region of post-impressionism. Matisse is represented by a very fine drawing of a woman seated on a stool clasping her knees with lank arms. All the articulations of the body are closely observed and definitely stated with an easy mastery of the anatomical facts. It is interesting to note how great is the correspondence between this rugged admir-

able sketch and the drawing of a similar subject by Rodin. In both there is the strenuous delving after structural significance; but Matisse lacks, and it is a serious lapse in his efficiency, the older man's wealth of esthetic suggestion, that painfully accumulated capital upon which he can draw at will for any immediate requirement, and which inevitably influences the freedom of his expenditure. Matisse spends consciously, Rodin without taking thought for the morrow.

No one can thus fraternize intimately with this glorious brotherhood of artists great and little, reading their casual thoughts confided to their notebooks in complete sincerity, without recognizing anew the rewards of their profession and the mighty toil by which those rewards are gained. If we wish to inspire a candid mind with respect for the mental equipment that produces inspiring art, we point the way not to the masterpieces but to the portfolios and "pocketbooks," the little glass cases and solander boxes in which are kept these private records of effort, sometimes of failure, more often of joyous triumph, in the search for hidden sources of self-expression.